

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 67.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
HARRIS & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 15c.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

WILLIAM HENDRICK, Dealer in ready made
clothing; can suit the most fastidious, both as
to price and quality. Call at the first door below
J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Michigan.

WHITE LAKE HOUSE, By Clements & Bow-
ers. The proprietors having recently newly fit-
ted and re-furnished this House, feel confi-
dent that visitors and travelers will find this House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.—
The traveling community are invited to call.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin.
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
WM. M. FERRY, JR. }
THOS. W. FERRY. } Wm. M. FERRY.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fan-
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL, By DAN SHEL-
BY. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office first
door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business intrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

H. G. SMITH, Blacksmith. All kinds of work
in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.
Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders prompt-
ly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney for
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

The Silver Lining.

The darkest sky will have a sun,
The keenest pain a pleasure;
The thickest cloud oft hides a star,
The wildest wave a treasure.

Then mourn not o'er the departed hopes,
Nor sit with sad repining,
The darkest cloud within the sky
Will have a silver lining.

Then mourn not o'er departed hopes,
There'll dawn a brighter day,
And smiles of purest joyousness
Chase all your tears away.

Then watch the thick'ning mist around
And mark the brilliant shining;
But pierce the dim and vap'ry veil,
You'll see the silver lining.

"Our Father 'tis who sends your grief,
And though your tears fall fast,
'Tis He whose matchless mercy will
Deliver you at last.

Cast all your cares upon your God,
And cease from vain repining;
For He who made the blackest cloud
Made, too, the silver lining.

KITTY CLOVER.

MECHANICS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

There are yet those who are sorry to say,
who have so little appreciation of what is real-
ly great and imperishable—for the architect
lives forever in the creation of God's own hand
—that they imagine the world would jog on
very well if there was no such thing as a trade
and no such laborer as a mechanic.

But wait—the end is not yet. Education—
not money, is the principle to be used in the
enfranchisement of the working man, the lever
that is yet to raise him above every other class
in point of nobility of mind, intellect and per-
son.

There is great force of character displayed
in our sturdy "bone and sinew;" for the me-
chanic, in his rudest estate, is still a powerful
example of what gigantic effort in the calling
to which he has devoted his life may do, in sug-
gesting thoughts, and fixing principles, that are
too often found wanting in the student and the
scholar.

Take one department of his labor—go to the
ship-yard—let your eye rove from keel to mast-
head, of the gigantic vessel soon to battle for
supremacy with the deep. Is it not a mighty
exhibition of the power of man? There is
something, nay, there is sublimity in the tho't
that man has the faculty, God given, to set in
motion so many springs of the human mind—
for mind is to labor what the pen is to the
thought.

Count the boards in her huge frame—you
cannot—the eye wearies ere it scarcely leaves
the ground. If you would feel your littleness,
lift your hand to her towering sides if you
would feel your greatness, think how it has
been fashioned by labor. Do you believe the
mechanic, as he treads the glistening deck after
the work is all accomplished, sees nothing here
but planks, rivets, nails, pitch, masts, blocks,
and sails?

No—though he be not fully conscious of it
he beholds the working out of a great idea—
day by day as he prosecuted his task, step by
step as he approached heaven with his instru-
ments of skill, has his intellect acquired new
strength.

He may not arrange and class his thoughts
with grammatical accuracy—he may bring them
out with the force and resonance with which he
wields his own sledge-hammer, but they tell—
they drive a conviction to the mind of the listen-
er, and clinch it there.

Ignorant of conventionalities the mechanic
may be, and unwarrantably so; we see no rea-
son why he should not be the polished gentle-
man as well as the accomplished artisan—but
who has not been astonished at the brilliant
metaphors, the quick, keen repartee, the apt
simile, thrown forth with so little studied effort,
by the unlearned laborer.

The union of mental harmony with physical
and condensation of vital and spiritual force,
and vigorous, compactly knit frame, and the
cultivated mind, must make greatness to which
none earthly can approach. If you scan the
congregations in our churches, you will notice
mechanics invariably from a large proportion of
the hearers. They want no weak arguments,
they are able to cope with weighty reasons, they
understand when the man who speaks of their
relations to God and eternity, is one worthy to
instruct immortal souls. They may not be
competent to dissect his language, to tell which
work was proper and which was not, but they
analyze his sermon in such direct, forcible terms
that one would wish that many a minister pos-
sessed their ready, natural power, set off with
the adornment of education, and where would
you find their superiors?

We would see our mechanics where we are
sure they will one day stand—on the first round
of the ladder of society—not to displace any
class, but to share rewards and triumphs with
the most exalted. We would see them throw
aside habits which mar them as men, and make
them unworthy their great calling.

Not that we wish them to display hands
white and graceful—we love to grasp the rough
palm of the worker—it has toiled for the good

of the world and its roughness is kindly. Not
that we would see the brow unindented with
lines of care, the face unfurrowed, or the form
unbent—let labor put her own mark of distinc-
tion on these—they are all well and fitting
there.

Self-debasing habits, the low slang phrase,
the common customs that certain associations
beget—these we would have them forego. Let
their badges be yet the mason's apron, the car-
penter's overall, the box of tools,—only let
them cherish habits of neatness, politeness, deli-
cacy—let them be scholars, equally to cope
with statesmen, able to read critically, and re-
ceive or reject, according as a ripened judgment
shall direct.

Let them fit their sons for students, and then
MECHANICS, for there is no really nobler calling
search the vaunted professions through. Let
them direct the minds of their daughters, that
our mechanics may have wives with cultivated
powers, not mere household drudges, or mere
fashionable parasites. Then shall labor be called
"holy," and a "delight," and then will the
dignity of the true republican American charac-
ter shine in its brightest lustre.

A mason called one day with his working
implements at the house of a friend in another
city, where we were in the habit of visiting.

There was something striking in his appear-
ance, besides the finely-developed head (a com-
mon feature of American working men.)—a
suavity of address that led one to look up to
him, and receive him with like courtesy. With
as much of air as we have seen a well, bred gen-
tleman enter a drawing-room, he unfolded his
utensils, and proceeded to mend the hearth.

Now it may sound rather common-place, but
the man conferred a dignity upon the act. And
all the while his conversation betrayed highly
cultivated powers of intellect and imagination;
it was a treat to listen to him. Our friend in-
formed us that not only had that gentleman
gathered what might be considered a good for-
tune, but he had so improved and stored his in-
tellect, that he was master of several languages,
a thorough English scholar, and a tolerable
theologian.

This was not at all extraordinary—his intel-
lect was no greater than thousands at this mo-
ment possess—the secret lay in application,
that golden word of words—he counted time,
grain by grain—not a moment pass unemploy-
ed, nor did he disdain to acquire a graceful de-
portment. The result is that all men are proud
of his acquaintance, and show him, from the
president down, that the gold and silver that
confer honor on any station, are the real, ring-
ing coin of intellect—a coin that no cunning
mint-man can counterfeit.

We want first that mechanics as a class,
should be like this man—noble in nature, might-
y in knowledge. Then we would see, and we
believe we shall live to see a mechanic rule the
destinies of our nation,—a mechanic the Presi-
dent of these United States.

Farmers have taken the helm of state, law-
yers and soldiers; now we must advance a me-
chanic, to represent alike the vast interests of
a great people, and the living principle in him-
self, that labor is the handmaiden of God, wor-
thy the highest exaltation, and that heaven it-
self was not prepared without labor.

We believe that to-day some thoughtful-fa-
ced man is driving the plane or the saw, holding
the axe or the graver's pencil, sharpening the plow
or giving its lustre to the metallic instrument of
labor, who will yet attain the eminence; who
thinks above his toil, and reads after it; whose
mind, resting upon the revelations of our holy
religion, seeks for no new and improved truths,
(?) who is driven to no fanaticism by one ab-
sorbing, overruling idea.

We believe that man is working at this hour
directing and controlling those who are placed
under his charge, and studying those elements
that apply directly to the science of skillful gov-
ernment.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHARACTER.—(From a
volume of pamphlets, lettered "Miscellaneous
Sheets," presented by King George III. to the
British Museum. The date is 1846).

"A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty;
the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the
distraction of reason. He is only the brewer's
agent; the tavern and alehouse benefactor; the
beggar's companion; the constable's trouble.
He is his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his
neighbor's scoff; his own shame. In summer
he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture
of a beast, and a monster of a man."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?"
said a dandy clerk in a bookstore to a homely-
dressed Quaker, who had given him some trou-
ble. "Yes." "Well, here's an essay on the
rearing of calves." "That," said Amnidab, as
he turned to leave the store, "thee had better
present to thy mother."

YANKEE POLITENESS.—A Yankee editor re-
marked in a polemical article that, though he
would not call his opponent a liar, he must say,
that if a gentleman had intended to state what
was utterly false, he had been remarkably suc-
cessful in his attempt.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

THE WOMEN OF MAINE.—Mrs H. B. Stowe,
who is now residing in Maine, draws a picture
of the ladies of that State, which is, in all of
its features but one, most pleasing. We glance
first at the bright side of the picture. "You go,"
says Mrs. Stowe, "into a plain farm-house,
where the furniture and all the appurtenances
retain the most primitive simplicity—but be
not surprised if you see Latin, Greek, and Ger-
man books lying on the table. You look inquir-
ingly, and are told, perhaps, of a certain Mary
Ann, or Maria, who is keeping school up at Um-
bagog, or some other impossible out-of-the-way
place, whose books these are. She has long
done using them—she got them when she first
began; now she has left them for Cynthia, or
Louisa, or some other fair successor in the fam-
ily line, who is equally hardy and energetic in
her attacks upon the tree of knowledge. Ten
to one, you get a glimpse of said Cynthia, who
proves a slender, blue-eyed girl, trimly dressed,
with a pair of very pretty ear-rings in her ears,
and an air of quiet composure and savoir-faire,
which shows you that she is a princess of the
blood in her own regions. You talk with her,
and find she has a mind as sharp, and bright and
keen, as one of the quartz crystals among her
own mountains. She has been to the academy
in the neighboring town. She has a fancy for
drawing, and may be shows you a crayon head
or a landscape, which you did not expect to see
just then—she wishes she could get somewhere
where she could learn more about it—she has
a cousin who paints in oils—she thinks, perhaps,
after she has taught a quarter or two, she will
save money enough to get to Portland, and take
lessons of a master. One is struck with the in-
tellectual activity of the Maine women, where-
ever he travels among them. A friend of mine
told me the other day that in one of the towns
where he was visiting, in the clergyman's fam-
ily, he was surprised to find the walls decorated
with oil paintings which he thought it quite be-
yond the means of his friend to have purchased.
"Where did you get these paintings?" he asked.
"Oh, these! my wife painted them!" was the
reply. The same gentleman relates, that at an-
other time, when hospitably entertained in an
obscure settlement, far out in the woods of
Maine, being struck with the domestic talents
and agreeable manners of his hostess, he enter-
ed into some conversation with her. Knowing
that he was connected with the collegiate insti-
tution in Brunswick, she inquired with great in-
terest after a young gentleman there, adding,
as an apology for her inquisitiveness, "I feel
interested in that young man, for I fitted him
for college." My friend, of course, thought she
alluded to some such fitting as knitting his
stockings, making his shirts—and made a re-
mark to that effect. "Oh no," said the lady,
composedly, "I mean that I taught him Greek
and Latin, and so on, and of course I should
wish to hear that he was doing well." It seem-
ed to be quite an of course affair to her, noth-
ing to what she could do. I can assure you, by
the by, that these women are yeoman house-
keepers, and that you will never taste the Latin
and Greek in sour bread or bad butter, or see
the drawing and painting looking out of holes
in dresses. The fact is, that a sterile soil and
harsh climate, though not good for growing any-
thing else, are first-rate for raising men and wo-
men; and men and women, in the full, emphatic
sense of the word, are the staple produce of
Maine." So far it is a delightful portraiture.

"But," continues Mrs. Stowe, "I must add to
what I said about the Maine women and girls,
one drawback—one is impressed with it even
in the most mountainous districts—the want of
an appearance of robust health. The young
girls are fair, sparkling and intellectual-looking,
but they are wanting in the physique. They
look like forest flowers—very fair, but as if a
breath might wither them. The mind seems
altogether to have got the start of the body.
The long winters may have something to do
with this. For more than half the year the fe-
male sex in this climate are very much confined
in-doors, in stove-heated rooms, generally very
partially ventilated, as rooms in cold weather—
often only in sleighs, with fathers or brothers
to drive them, and the sleigh is a vehicle that
gives no sort of exercise. Can we not see in
this fact the reason for that predisposition to
diseases of the lungs which is constantly the
terror of every parent in New England, and
which seals every year hundreds of her fairest
for the grave? Think of the contrast between
the stove-heated room, where one is kept al-
most at the point of perspiration, and the lungs
constantly inhaling warm air, and the sharp,
keen, cutting air that is breathed without.—
There is no remedy for this, but a harder habit
of life. A young girl in New England is never
secure against consumption, but by keeping her
physical vigor up to the highest point. She
should go out regularly every day, in all weath-
ers, and familiarize her lungs with the out-door
amusements, after the example of the Europe-
an ladies in a similar climate—and then the long
winter will be to her, as it is to the other sex—
a discipliner and invigorator to the system, and
not a constant enemy."

THE FEMALE SEX IN BOHEMIA.—In strong
contrast to the above is the following, wherein
a correspondent of the *Tribune* sketches the
tender gender in Bohemia:—"I met lank, ill-
clothed women, carrying heavy loads of new
cut grass, and saw others out in the fields, en-
gaged in labor, which, with us, belong only to
men. It may be a pretty salvo to our feelings
to say they are used to it. It was the execu-
tioner and not the culprit who thought one
might get used to hanging. Their daily wages
are ten kreuzers (seven cents), and nourish-
ment, such as it is. After all, this is not worse
—probably for the physical creature and the
moral better—than the pay and condition of
hundreds (or thousands?) of seamstresses in
our cities. Still, this European sight of wo-
men doing the work of our men, though of daily
occurrence, is one to which the American
sense (of the Northern States), hardly recon-
ciles itself. Another German reversion of cus-
tom has something of the ludicrous. In the
large towns one may always see the signs of
women's tailors, and, looking through the win-
dow, as an inquisitive traveler is justified in do-
ing, may see full-grown men stitching away at
corsets, bodices, and all the other delicate ele-
ments of female apparel. This confusion of
sex, as it seems to us, extends to the German
cows, who are hitched (neither gender is yoked
in this country), to all the hard services of the
sterner bovine sex, instead of enjoying the la-
dy-like leisure of their American sisters."

[Home Journal.]

A correspondent of one of the Boston papers
in a letter from Cape Cod, narrates the follow-
ing amusing story: "I may as well make of
a little piece of romance that hovers pensively
around a gloomy old mansion here, to point a
moral to all good people who indulge in games.
Once upon a time, there lived in that mansion
those two stereotype tools that all good novel-
ists do work with, viz., a hard-hearted father
and a pretty, love-sick daughter. Now it hap-
pened that the Governor had just two darling
passions—the first was an unconquerable aver-
sion to that pretty daughter's lover, and the
other was just as decided a penchant for the
game of checkers. So, on a stormy, gloomy,
snowy night, when the wind was howling around
the old mansion, clapping to the blinds and
screaming down the chimney—as good luck
would have it, a young man happened in, who
came heralded as passionately addicted to the
host's favorite game. The Governor was in
ecstasy—so he gave the fire a gentle stir, snuff-
ed anew the candle, drew the table up a bit
nearer the fire, and threw down the gauntlet to
his guest for a trial of skill at checkers. The
guest, nothing loath, accepted the challenge,
and at it they went. The gamblers were about
a match. Now, it was neck and neck—now the
host leads one, and now the guest leads one
and still they play on like mad, until, about the
witching time of night, a cry runs through the
house—"eloped! eloped!" Away went check-
er-board and guest—away went master and
man. There was running and racing, but all
to no purpose. The lovers had got two drawn
games and one rubber the start."

OUTRAGE.—Late in the afternoon of Wed-
nesday last while a widow lady by the name of
Murry, living in the edge of the town of Seio,
about two miles west of this city, was out in
one of the lots of her farm, giving some salt to
her sheep, her attention was attracted by a
strange noise and following the direction indi-
cated, soon discovered a boy named Sabin,
about twelve or fourteen years of age, tied
hand and foot, and fastened to a stake in the
fence in such a manner as to be unable to ex-
tricate himself. He was much exhausted, and
when released gave the following account in
explanation: He says that he was engaged in
dragging in wheat, the afternoon previous, and at
dusk turned out his team started for his home,
some 60 or 80 rods distant. When arrived at
some 25 or 30 rods from the house, a tall, black
man came up to and seized him, remarking
"now I have got you," immediately gagging
him, and binding a handkerchief over his mouth.
The man then threw him across his shoulder
and carried him some distance, as he conjectures
through brush and woods, and finally fastened
him in the position where he was found, untied
the handkerchief from his face and left him.—
According to this version of the affair, the boy
must have been in that situation nearly 24
hours when found. Considerable excitement,
has been created in the neighborhood where
this diabolical outrage was perpetrated, and
we hope no pains will be spared to ferret out
the offenders and bring them to justice. As
usual, in the absence of facts, conjecture is busy
but nothing transpired to elucidate this mysteri-
ous transaction, upon which we forbear to com-
ment. [Ann Arbor Argus.]

DEFINITION OF ETERNITY.—"Just lend me
your umbrella for five minutes."

"My character," said an alderman, who had
cleared himself from a charge of bribery, "my
character, sir, is like my boots—all the brighter
for blacking."